Intensive Care

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/6780862.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Matoi Ryuuko/Sanageyama Uzu
Characters:	Matoi Ryuuko, Sanageyama Uzu, Kiryuuin Satsuki
Additional Tags:	Hospital Sex, Rehabilitation, Injury
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2016-05-08 Words: 2,710 Chapters: 1/1

Intensive Care

by margot16

Summary

Uzu Sanageyama is injured in the battle against Ragyou Kiryuin, and is enjoying recuperating when a situation arises that causes him great concern. In the immortal words of the Hydraulic Press Channel guy...he must deal with it.

Notes

So this is an idea that just kinda popped into my head for an F/M thing I wanted to write, and it ended up being about 1,000x more lewd than I thought it would be so read with caution, kiddies. This one goes out to all my perverts out there, i.e. most of you on this website. Enjoy!

In the days following the defeat of Ragyou Kiryuin and subsequent closing of Honnouji Academy, things were surprisingly calm for Uzu Sanageyama. During the climactic final battle against Ragyou and her forces, Uzu had unfortunately fallen victim to a traumatic spinal cord injury, paralyzing him from the waist down and rendering him immobile and useless as a warrior. Luckily, Uzu happened to be friends with one of the most brilliant scientists in Japan, Shirou Iori, who quickly performed emergency surgery and, with the aid of some cutting-edge (and quite experimental) cybernetics, was able to restore full movement to Uzu's lower half.

Less than fortunate was the fact that Uzu was now confined to a medical facility for the next several weeks, having to re-learn to use his legs with the aid of physical therapy and the implants. Despite the fact that Uzu became easily stir-crazy, there were many positives: his friends came to visit him quite frequently. The rest of the elite four visited him in shifts, with even Nonon (with whom he had always had a rivalry) coming by frequently to provide him with some much-needed motivation.

Most welcome though was the presence of his comrade and former leader Satsuki Kiryuin, an object of his affection and, though he was loath to admit it, his considerable lust as well. Many a time while she visited it took all of his samurai's will to keep his eyes away from places that would get him in trouble. Satsuki every so often brought her sister along as well, and while Matoi's presence was not at all unwelcome (she certainly wasn't hard on the eyes, either) Uzu could feel her appraising gaze, as if she knew everything and was waiting for him to make a slip-up in regards to Satsuki.

It was on another nondescript day recuperating and immobile in his hospital bed that things took an impossibly strange turn.

Uzu stood proudly in the elite four chambers at the top of Honnouji Academy's tall tower, hands in pockets and legs at shoulder width in his signature resting pose. In front of him, Satsuki Kiryuin stood before the wide central window in all her glory, feet similarly spread with her hands positioned on the hilt of *Bakuzan*. When she turned to face him it was like a pirouette, the skirts of Junketsu twirling slightly and Uzu inhaling a sharp breath as he caught a glimpse of Satsuki's shapely backside. Returning his gaze to her cobalt-blue eyes, Uzu was surprised to see a seductive smile painted on her visage. It was as if she was pleased that he had seen the forbidden.

Coming to rest in front of him, much too close for comfort, Satsuki let out a long appraising breath that bathed Uzu in her scent. He fought the urge to tremble, *hard*. Slowly and surely, Satsuki reached her hand to tug upwards at Uzu's shirt, moving her slender hand to and fro across his muscular stomach. Uzu's face felt hotter than the sun and he swallowed the lump that was in his throat as he felt a tightness within his trousers increase further and further. Tilting his head back up to Satsuki's face, Uzu saw that she was biting her lower lip

quizzically, almost like she was exploring uncharted territory. It was a face he hadn't ever seen her make.

It was at this exact moment that Uzu opened his eyes.

Confused, Uzu soon realized that he was actually in his hospital bed and had fallen asleep. Sadly, it was all a dream. Uzu still felt strange however, as if someone was still running their hand over his stomach. Moving his eyes slightly up and to the left, Uzu's confusion grew as he confirmed that indeed someone *was* running their hand over his stomach: Matoi, Satsuki's younger sister, was standing over his bed with a look on her face that mixed confusion with heated lust, her lower lip situated firmly under her teeth as if trying to prevent its escape from her face.

Her eyes were flicking back and forth between the tautness of his stomach and what Uzu was embarrassed to realize was his fully-erect member, stretching the waistband of his sweatpants and undoubtedly stimulated by the dream he had just had, apparently augmented by happenings in the real world. He was frozen in place, completely unable to move or come up with literally any solution to admittedly the most confusing situation he had ever faced up until this point. He hoped that she would get her fill of…whatever she was doing and move away from him so he could feign waking up and hide his shame.

Uzu closed his eyes and concentrated on something, *anything* else to try and make the situation resolve itself, but he couldn't. Matoi's ministrations admittedly felt very good, and seeing as she was quite possibly one of the most attractive women Uzu had ever laid eyes on (sharing genes with Satsuki was a big plus, it turns out) he couldn't possibly say that he would turn her down if propositioned. However, these revelations still could not solve what was a completely unexpected situation, and just as Uzu was resigning himself to feigning sleep until it resolved itself, matters became immeasurably worse.

Uzu felt Matoi's hand slide slowly down his stomach and below the waistband of his sweatpants, firmly grasping him in her soft yet (he knew this from experience) immeasurably powerful hand. Uzu's eyes shot wide open, muscles tensing and letting out a guttural noise of surprise and concern, followed by a string of expletives followed by actual language.

"M-Matoi! What the hell do you think you're doing?!" Uzu said, his inquisition coming out about 100% more forceful and accusatory than he meant it to.

She immediately withdrew, her lusty facial expression snapping to one of red anger, shock and embarrassment. Ryuko reared up like she was going to hit him and Uzu recoiled, confused and terrified.

"Y-You were…y-you're…I w-was…just…AGH!" Ryuko spit out before sprinting from the room, mortified.

Uzu sank back into his bed, barely able to move and covered in a cold sweat. He panted from surprise and excitement, clutching his chest through the t-shirt he was wearing.

"What the hell…?" He muttered out loud to himself, feeling utterly confused as to everything that had just transpired.

What was worse, however, was just how *good* it had felt in the split second that Matoi had wrapped her hand around his-

Uzu swallowed hard, realizing what this meant. He cursed, preparing himself to have to deal with…whatever this was…in the near future.

"Sanageyama, if there's anything you need of course don't hesitate to ask." Satsuki said, throwing him a warm smile as she stood, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"Of course, Satsuki-sama. Thank you for everything." Uzu said, returning the smile in kind.

Sliding the door aside, Satsuki began to shut it again before her voice called back into the room suddenly.

"Oh, Sanageyama what a wonderful surprise! Look who's come to visit you!" Satsuki said, Uzu's heart jumping into his throat as Ryuko Matoi entered the room. Her face was hard as stone; completely expressionless. Saying her goodbyes to Satsuki, she quickly closed the door and locked it, standing resolutely and not saying a word for several seconds. Uzu began to break out in a cold sweat again: it had been a week since their little…incident…and since then he had seen nor heard anything from Matoi.

"Um…hi, Matoi." He said sheepishly, more to fill the deafening silence in the room than anything else.

"H-Hello, Uz- I mean S-Sanageyama." Matoi said, stumbling over her words. Her face quickly flushed as she stared down at her feet, shuffling them. Uzu was shocked, he had never seen Matoi in a state of anything other than the purest confidence before, what the hell was this? Uzu's mouth hung open as Matoi crouched down, lowering herself on the floor and prostrating herself in front of his bed, placing her forehead on her folded hands in the most formal and meaningful of the Japanese apology bows.

"I-I'm so sorry, Uzu! What I did was very w-wrong and I'm really, really sorry!" Matoi practically screamed into the floor. Uzu was completely taken aback, unaware at all of what to do in this situation. He felt terrible though, because while Matoi had certainly exerted a lot of thought on this apology, he hardly thought it was warranted.

"Matoi, get up." He said as plainly as he could manage, an idea striking him.

"H-Huh?" Matoi said, her head slowly moving up to look at him, confused.

"I said get up off the floor and come over here, it's dirty. You don't need to do this." Uzu said, motioning to the space to the left of his bed.

"Y-You mean you're not mad?" Matoi asked, picking herself up off the floor slowly with a mixture of confusion and suspicion on her face. Looking into her sharp grey eyes, Uzu spoke, struck at how similar they were to her sister's.

“Nah, I’m not mad. It’s just…d-do you really want to touch me that badly? You could’ve just asked.” Uzu said sheepishly, uncomfortable with being so frank. His usual manner of speaking was quite a bit more formal.

“What? Seriously?” Ryuko responded, a little too surprised for her own good.

“Well, yeah. If you wanna touch me so badly then *here*.” Uzu said, lifting his t-shirt to expose his taut stomach once again. Ryuko’s eyes widened, her hand instinctively reaching out before freezing, eyeing him.

“Wait a second…what’s the catch?” She asked suspiciously. Uzu laughed, his idea coming to fruition.

“Look, Matoi. I know a pervert when I see one. After all, it uh…it takes one to know one…if you get my meaning. So my deal is, if you get to touch me…then I get to touch you, too.” Uzu said, cold sweats at an all-time high. This was either going to succeed or backfire in the most miserable way.

Matoi’s face didn’t change terribly, but it did flush a deep red as she mulled the proposition over. Then, slowly biting her lower lip in the same way that dream-Satsuki had made Uzu go crazy, she slowly placed her hand on Uzu’s stomach again, pulling the bottom of her shirt up with the other hand to reveal her picturesque midriff in silent consent. Their eyes locked as Uzu reached a hand out to brush her soft skin, twirling his finger around her belly-button before grasping a hip lightly, making her draw in a breath and bite her lip even more. It wasn’t before long that Uzu could feel pressure building down below once again, stretching the fabric of his sweatpants and catching the attention of Matoi as well.

“You know, Uzu. I’m sure it gets pretty lonely in here sometimes…right?” Matoi muttered, struggling to look him in the face as he brushed his hand upwards towards her breasts and back down, goosebumps appearing on her soft skin.

“Yeah, it does.” He said, barely audible as she moved her face closer to his, her breath tickling the nape of his neck.

“Well, if it’s cool with you…I could keep you company every once in a while.” Matoi whispered breathily, her lips brushing against his ear now as her hand once again moved steadily southward, past the brim of his trousers and into forbidden territory to clasp around him.

“I-I’d like that.” He managed to get out before their lips crashed together, one hand moving to cup the nape of Matoi’s neck while another ventured into her lifted shirt, palming a generous breast still trapped in its padded cage. Their tongues lashed wetly against one another as Matoi pulled him free of the brim of his pants, working her soft hand up and down rhythmically and making his breath hitch in his throat. All he could do was lay there, his lower body still partially useless as Satsuki’s younger sister took control. Throwing the shirt over her head and across the room, Uzu did the same as Matoi slowly kissed her way down his chest and across his washboard stomach to hover over his girth, almost drooling with a heady look on her face.

“Jeez, you really *are* a pervert, Matoi.” Uzu laughed, Matoi sending him an irritable look before plunging her mouth down around him.

“Shut. Upph-“ She managed, Uzu immediately doing as he was told.

Matoi was loud, sloppy and aggressive. Not at all like what he had imagined Satsuki to be like, but Uzu supposed that was an especially inaccurate comparison. He had to admit that Satsuki was far from his mind as Matoi worked him with her mouth, locking eyes with him as she clumsily licked from his base to his tip, opening her mouth wide and moving downwards only to wrap her lips around him and continue working. Uzu’s pupils flared with the pleasure of it: despite Matoi’s seeming lack of experience, she was treating him to a veritable sensory overload experience with just her mouth.

“How is it, Uzu? Is this a good enough apology?” Matoi said with an air of sensual sarcasm, goading him by removing her bra and returning to stroke his wet mass with one hand, smirking.

“Ugh…yeah, I-it’s amazing M-Matoi…” Uzu responded weakly, completely taken with her pleasurable torment.

“I know you always fantasized about my sister, Uzu. But now you’re gonna have *me*.” Matoi said forcefully, quickly removing her jeans. The prophylactic was around Uzu’s girth before he had time to think, eyes growing wide as he realized what Matoi’s plans were. Despite the surprise Uzu hardly wanted to disagree and so he did what came naturally to him, grabbing hold of Matoi’s shapely hips as she climbed atop him smiling like a giddy idiot.

“You ready?” Uzu asked carefully.

Matoi answered by kissing him deeply, pressing her entire body against him warmly as they became one. It was pure ecstasy as she worked atop him, moving her hips slowly and sensually, her chin resting on his left shoulder as her breathy moans filled the ear her mouth was pressed against. Cupping a soft buttock, Uzu pressed Matoi down on himself more forcefully, causing breathy moans to turn to exclamations and curses as he drove deeper.

Matoi reared up, propping her upper body up with her extended arms, hands on Uzu’s shoulders as she worked her hips faster to and fro. Her warmth grinded against him as he could no longer contain himself, pressing his mouth to a soft mound that was her breast, licking and suckling there to his heart’s content. Matoi seemed to approve, cradling his head in her arms as he pushed forward slightly, the two of them moving effortlessly to a sitting position as she ground harder and harder into his lap.

The moment was soon upon them, Matoi covering her mouth in order to contain near-screams as she dug into Uzu’s shoulder, nodding and signaling her near-release.

“Are you close?” Uzu panted, meeting her desperate eyes.

“Uzu, y-you’re gonna m-make m-me ah-AH” Matoi barely managed, her face scrunching up before her tongue lolled out of her mouth in near-ecstasy.

“Let’s do it together!” Uzu exclaimed into her chest.

The both of them worked furiously to climax, happening at almost exactly the same time as the two of them tensed up tremendously, Matoi screaming unbridled madness while Uzu remained silently intense. He fell backwards, Matoi slumping down on top of him, completely exhausted. It wasn’t much longer before Matoi was asleep next to him in the crook of his arm, with Uzu looking confused while cradling her much-shorter form close. He had no idea how any of this happened, but he couldn’t say he was disappointed.

“nngh…Uzu…?” Matoi muttered from next to him.

“mm?” He responded. She still had her eyes closed.

“I’m gonna be back every day ‘til you’re better. Then we’re gonna spar and I’m gonna kick yer ass…” Matoi mumbled, causing Uzu to smile wide. He leaned down and kissed her on the forehead, provoking a small smile from her as well.

“I’ll take you up on that, Ryuko.”

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